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To Signor Luigi Gregori.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Our clime is cold, but underneath the snow
As cold and white as your Sorrento stone,
Beneath the russet leaf and last Fall's cone,
The fires of life, like light in rubies, glow,
And vital saps with thrill and vigor flow;
There dwells the emerald wheat, while wild winds
moan;
There sweet flowers live in patience, Autumn-sown
By wandering birds;—soft splendor there lies low;
And if our hearts seem cold, like our cold land,
'Tis but in surface, for 'tis almost sin
In our stern ethics to name Art divine,—
To call our artist Master, or his hand
To hold as sacred; yet deep, deep within
Persephone but waits the potent sign!

—Pilot.

The Death of Chopin.

The last days of the great Polish musician were inexpressibly sad. For years he had been the pet of the most aristocratic circles of Paris, and the hardships of music-teaching and the demands of society were continually engaged in a contest of which he was the victim. The demise which ever seemed to lie in wait for him fastened its fangs tightly, and he would be seized with violent paroxysms of coughing while playing his brilliant mazurkas to the beautiful ladies who never wearied of lingering around the piano of the gifted young artist. But the composing went on and the strange, wild fantasies written at that time tell of the feverish eagerness with which he put together those wonderful structures of harmony in which the French lightness, inherited from his father, balances the wild Hungarian rhythm. Hoping for more lessons, he

went to London; but there matters were even worse. An English crowd instead of a French one swarmed about him, and, innocently, perhaps, but no less effectually drained his heart's blood. The butterfly wings of his nature were weighted by British convention. He complains in letters which survive him that he has to be introduced to everybody's relatives; that the conversation is dull, and that the stupid men sit two hours over their wine talking about nothing. "They will kill me with their kindness," he writes. Then the fogs were awful, and he could not stay. In his last letter he told how he was to leave London on the next Thursday ("terrible London" he called it), and he said he had the neuralgia and he wished his friend to have a piano waiting for him in his rooms in Paris, and plenty of violets to make the air sweet. He managed to reach his dear Paris again, but he never left those violet-scented rooms until the end—which soon came.

On the feast of St. Thomas, 1849, his dearest friends were about him, weeping at the awful suffering which no one but God could relieve. Finally he indicated that he wished his favorite pupil, the beautiful Countess Potocka to sing. It was no easy task to control her voice and soothe the dying moments of her beloved master; but she calmly began a hymn to the Blessed Virgin and went through with it unfalteringly.

"How beautiful! oh, God! how beautiful!" said the dying man. "Sing again," and she went to the piano and sang a psalm. As her voice,—the only sound in the room—seemed to float almost to heaven's gate, the others fell upon their knees. When the music ceased Chopin seemed insensible, and they fancied that his gentle spirit had passed upward with the melody; but it was not until the next evening that he died, and before that time a priest had

come, bringing comfort for the weary soul. Chopin made the responses clearly, received the Last Sacraments and then gave a short sigh and died.

When he left Poland, nineteen years before, he had taken a cup of earth from his beloved land and it had gone with him wherever he had travelled; now when his frail body was lowered into the ground, that sacred soil was reverently spilled upon his coffin. He had asked that his heart be taken back to Poland, and this was done. That tired heart now rests, a venerated treasure, in the Church of the Holy Cross at Warsaw.

His body lies in French soil with a handful of Polish earth upon it; his heart is in his native land, and "his soul is with the saints," we trust.

F. L. S.

Robert Burns.

BY H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

For him who delights in viewing nature in her varying moods; who loves to look upon her face wreathed in sunny smiles; who delights in contemplating her awful majesty when storm clouds gather on her brow, the study of her poets has particular charms; and, surely, there is no one to deny that on the 25th of January, 1759, she brought forth her truest, tenderest poet—Robert Burns.

Nothing can be related of the poet's childhood and youth that is not already well known to the most indifferent student of English literature. We know that Burns was sent to the schools of his neighborhood until the increasing infirmities of his father made it necessary for the youthful bard to toil early and late in order that his dear ones at home might want neither food nor clothing. The little group around the fireplace—the old father teaching his two sons—has become as familiar to us as the scenes of our every-day life. That William Burns, the father of our poet, was distant to strangers, devoted to his family, a lover of knowledge, narrow-minded in his theology—in fact, a good type of the sturdy Scotch farmer of that period, is equally well known. That the bard, when a boy, was proud, headstrong, impetuous, greedy of praise, greedy of pleasure; we need not be told; for what his youth was, that also was his manhood. In fact, he never quite reached manhood's estate. He was a youth to the day of his death.

There has been much speculation as to what Burns might have done for English literature

had he possessed a university education. But only the "advantages" have been recounted. Let us look at the other side and see what disadvantages might have come from the same source. Take the poems written before the bard had mingled with the outside world, when his only companions were unlettered rustics. Never were songs sung with so great a charm of unaffected simplicity. Poor, untutored child of nature, he sang only as she moved him. He had not yet learned from the false society of the world the vice of affectation. But mark the change. When fame had opened her thousand doors to bid him welcome, when he had mingled with a society false and affected, we find him writing, no more simple, unaffected poems like those of his earlier days, but letters and verses filled with petty conceits. For some men—for most men, if you will—a university training is of the utmost advantage. But for others—and Burns, methinks, was of this number—a university is the last place they should look for improvement. It will make them artificial, where before they were natural; it will make them false to themselves, whereas they once were true. That this would have happened had Burns studied in a university, we have every reason for believing.

The hardships of his youth, the poverty of his father, his own untiring efforts to obtain knowledge from the few books he could beg or borrow, the poet's biographers have recounted again and again. That he was the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in the humble condition in which he was born, there is no one to call in question. That he was a poet born—that he knew little about poetry as an art—is equally certain.

While pointing out a few good ones, some of the biographers of the Scotch bard have not failed to reveal all his bad traits of character. While the gross immoralities of poetical aristocrats, such as Byron, Shelley and others, are barely noticed, the failings of Burns are blazoned before the world. His love episodes have been talked about, written about, preached about, sung about, even raved about to such an extent as to cause a person in whom dwells the least spark of Christian charity to turn away in disgust. Grant that he often stepped aside from the path of virtue; grant that his soul was stained with many a grievous sin; if our hearts were laid bare to the world which of us would not shudder at their blackness? Why forever keep in view the filth of men's lives? We have already heard so much of the poet's wickedness,

let us, in justice to the memory of one of the greatest souls that ever dwelt in a mortal body, look on the fair side of his character.

Above all other virtues possessed by Burns was the greatest of all—charity. Will the plea which the poet has made for this greatest of all virtues prove effectual in every case but his own? Shall we forget when he sings

"Then gently scan your brother-man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kenin' wrang,
To step aside is human,"

that he himself belonged to the great brotherhood of man?

It is a curious study to note the various stages on the road which leads to the Temple of Fame. At first the son of renown advances but little way beyond his associates. Gradually the distance becomes greater and greater, until finally the traveller is lost to view and unexpectedly finds himself at the end of his journey. Thus it was with Burns. He was first known as the poet of his parish, then of his county, and finally of the world.

There is one incident more pathetically pathetic than all others in the life of Burns. On the "bonny banks of Ayr," where the silver stream kissed his pebbled shore, under the fragrant birch and hoary hawthorn, where the white lilies nodded in the gentle breezes, where the birds sang on every spray, in the sweetest, fairest month of the year, the poet parted forever from his "Highland Mary." When the forest blazed with color; when the leaves had lost the freshness of their youth; when the trees of the orchard were bending low under their tempting load; when the ripe, purple grapes hung in thick, luscious clusters on their brown stems; in that month, the most gorgeous of the year, the soul of "Highland Mary" went to meet its God. The roses faded from his cheeks, and the hand holding the letter that announced her death shook like an aspen; while over the poet's soul swept a wave of sadness that ever and anon returned during his whole life. Empresses, queens, princesses, and noble ladies of high degree, like flakes of snow have melted into the boundless ocean of eternity. But in the sweet, melodious flow of "Afton Water," in the poetic richness of "Highland Mary," in the pathetic beauty of "To Mary in Heaven," the name of a poor servant maid has become immortal.

Of the poet's visit to Edinburgh much has been said. All agree that he did visit the Scotch capital; and that he was received with open arms by the nobility and the *litterati* of the day. The dress and personal appearance of the bard is

well described by one of his late biographers. He first appeared in the society of the metropolis "clad in his clumsy boots and buckskins, with his blue coat and waistcoat striped with blue; with a face which habitually wore a look of melancholy, with large, dark eyes that 'literally glowed' as he spoke." What a change! Before, the rude company of peasants; now, the society of the most refined, learned and intelligent men of the day. But Burns, in the presence of men, whether they were lords or "omnipotent critics," was ever at ease, ever self-respecting, free from bashfulness or affectation, and bore himself like a gentleman from first to last.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' lang syne?"

sings the bard. At the height of his popularity; when his society was eagerly sought by the highest nobility and the greatest literary lights of the day, he would quit the bountifully spread table of a duke to dine at a poor inn with some humble "auld acquaintance."

The sad story of Jane Armour is too well known to need repetition. Burns, it is true, sinned grievously against this unfortunate woman, but he made her the only reparation in his power. He was too weak to avoid falling into sin, but he was too courageous to be a villain. In this deplorable affair, which blighted the lives of two human beings, we cannot but feel for the poet both pity and admiration—pity for his weakness, admiration for his strength. From the time of his marriage, Burns began to walk down the broad road that leads to destruction. By his dissolute habits, his mind, as he himself said, became "enervated to an alarming degree." After this he wrote little more. His mind never recovered its youthful vigor. "It is the fashion," says Mr. Louis Stevenson, "to say that Burns died of drink; many a man has drunk more, and yet lived with reputation and reached a good age." Drink and debauchery may have hastened his end; but the early death of Robert Burns, at the age of twenty-seven years, was a wasting away of the faculties of a once glorious mind. The strings of the lyre were broken—the soul of music fled.

In the breast of Robert Burns beat the heart of a true patriot. Drinking in with his every breath the pure air of the Scotch highlands, what wonder he sang to the downfall of tyrants and tyranny. As boundless as the great ocean was his sympathy for his fellowman. To him Washington was not a revolted British subject,

and therefore an enemy, but a brother fighting for the same great cause of liberty.

With Burns began a new era in poetry. He had the moral courage—it took moral courage for such a step—to discard the “stiff, lame and feeble versification of his time and write verses which were easy, racy, graphic and forcible.” He tried not to be elegant but forcible; not to be ornamental but clear in his style.

We are told that in comparison with other poets of the eighteenth century Burns has written very little. It is said he often violates the rules of versification; that his grammar is sometimes at fault. Wonderful revelation! So it is a mistake to think that people make the grammar; that poets make the rules of versification? Grant this, and Homer is the most ungrammatical, not to say unpoetical, Greek of ancient or modern times. What small, weazened souls some men have. Themselves insignificant creatures, they would bring all mankind to their level; they would clip the broad wings of genius that it might not soar to the heights of sublimity; with their own puny strength they would check the ebb and flow of the irresistible ocean. They would persuade us that Ossian was not a poet because, forsooth, he knew not the rules of versification.

The authors our poet most read and admired were men whose style he carefully avoided imitating. The extent of the poet's indebtedness to his Scotch predecessors was to cause him to avoid their follies. His is no borrowed lustre. Not as a moon but as a sun he shines in the vast firmament of literature. Truly, in his case “the style is the man.” His poems were as much his own as were his weaknesses and peculiarities of temperament. Some trait of his character shows forth in every song he sang. Would you learn what manner of man was Burns, you may read his very soul in the poems he has left.

When for a long time one has labored through the artificialities of Pope, let him turn to the pages of Burns. From the affected and unnatural let him turn to the simple and natural; for studied elegance let him contemplate simple beauty; for the stifled air of the drawing-room let him breathe the pure, fresh air of the Scotch highlands. What a relief! Yes, what a relief to find among so many versifiers one true poet—one whose grace is unstudied, whose “beauty, unadorned, adorned the most.”

Our bard sings, not of “those isles of Greece where burning Sappho lived and sang”; no word of sunny, clear-skyed Italy; nor of the lovely vale of Cashmere that sleeps amid the

Orient far. He found poetical subjects all around him—above, below, on every side.

“Admiring nature in her wildest grace,”

he loved to sing of her rugged peaks, her ragged woods, her clear, meandering streams, her lovely silver lakes—like pearls embosomed between heathy hills—of her ruined castles and fallen churches; of fields when the yellow rye like a sea of gold undulated in the gentle autumn breeze; of mist-shrouded cliffs; of lone mountains; of foam-crested billows that beat upon his native shores; of the gentle summer showers that made the meadows green; of wild tempests that convulsed the fair face of nature; of the lonely wild-flower that blossomed by the wayside.

“The honest simplicity, the worth and true nobleness that dwell beneath thatched roofs are the objects of his deepest veneration.” Taine calls “The Cotter's Saturday Night” the most virtuous of heartfelt idyls. And no one who has read this masterpiece of poetic simplicity will call in question the judgment of the great Frenchman.

Of a truth, the divine fire of genius was not wanting to the Scotch bard. The finished, complete and truly inspired songs he has left us, are music itself—music that has a tone and a word for all men; music whose tenderness is unsurpassed; music welling up spontaneously from an overflowing heart; music at times joyful, at times sad, but always sincere and true. An English critic has truly said that no poet ever born in the British Isles “has ever displayed greater skill in joining melody to immortal verse.” No poet is more graphic. “No poet, Shakspeare excepted, possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions.”

“The greatest of lyric poets” is an epithet often applied to the great Tennyson. Like a mocking bird singing behind the golden bars of his narrow cage is the author of the “Idyls of the King”; like a mounting lark on an April morning, singing as he soars, is the sweet bard of Caledonia. He could direct others, but the power of wisely governing his own actions Burns had not. He well knew this. Listen to his confession:

“Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.”

A great deal has been said concerning the poet's religious belief. He has been called a scoffer, a derider of goodness, a mocker of vir-

tue—in fine, a moral outcast. How such a “shockingly immoral” man—an infidel and all—came to write the “Cotter’s Saturday Night,” his vilifiers have never attempted to explain. That Burns had no love for the hollow mockeries of the so-called religious denominations of his day is true. That he did not believe that an all-wise and all-merciful God could send “one to heaven and ten to hell a’ for His glory,” is also true. That he was an infidel, a scoffer, a derider of goodness, is false. We have Taine for it, that in Edinburgh, at the house of Dugald Stewart, Burns expressed in strong terms his disapproval of the skeptical jokes he had heard at Stewart’s table.

Forget not that charity is due to him who in life was charitable. Cast not weeds but flowers on his lowly grave. Think how often his sky was overcast by the black clouds of adversity. His vices were many; his virtues not few. He labored, sinned, suffered—he is dead. Let him sleep in peace.

Peacefully rest under the rich, green turf of thy native land, O tenderest of poets! under the daisies thou didst love; in that spot where the sunshine is bright—where the air is melodious with the songs of thy feathered brothers; where a crystal stream sings its song of glee, as it rushes onward to be swallowed up in a wild waste of endless waters.

Tennyson’s Tragedy of “Harold.”

BY F. E. LANE (*Law*), '90.

If we cannot class Tennyson among the great dramatists we must at least give him some credit for his excellent dramas of “Harold” and “Queen Mary.” It is true, we cannot compare his style and his characters with those of Shakspeare; nor can we draw them down to a comparison with Ben Jonson’s; Shakspeare’s characters are living men and women, Jonson’s but mere puppets in his hands to do his bidding. Tennyson’s personages are, to a great extent, real and life-like, and this, combined with his clear and forcible style, is sufficient to place his plays high among the classical dramas.

The tragedy of “Harold” is founded on events in English history prior to the accession of William of Normandy to the throne of England. The first scene of the play is laid in the palace of Edward I. in London.

“Lo! there once more this is the seventh night.

Yon, grimly-glaring trebled-brandished scourge
Of England.”

Aldwith, the widow of Griffeth, king of Wales,

and others, looking from the palace window, behold a comet which they believe foretells the doom of England. Harold, Earl of Wessex, afterwards king of England, ridicules their fears and scorns the prophecy of Bishop Stigand. Harold, wishing to hunt and fly the hawks in Normandy, begs leave of Edward to go; but Edward, fearing the treachery of the Norman Duke, persuades him to go to Flanders instead. Before leaving the court, Harold and his brother Tostig, Earl of Northumbria, quarrel over matters of state, and Tostig hurries to his earldom, vowing vengeance on his more favored brother.

When about to set off for Flanders, Harold visits Edith, the beautiful ward of king Edward, whom he finds singing in the royal garden; he is followed by Aldwith, a treacherous and crafty woman, who loves him; she witnesses the parting of the lovers, and calls the curse of Heaven on her rival. Aldwith is about to depart from the garden when Morcar, a friend, confronts her:

“Why creep’st thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night.”

he cried.

Aldwith swears Morcar to silence, and promises him the earldom of Northumberland if he will secretly stir the people to war with Tostig; and he does, as the sequence will show.

“Wicked sea Will-o’-the-wisp:

Wolf of the shore, dog, with thy lying lights,

Thou hast betrayed us on these rocks of thine.”

Harold sails for Flanders, but is shipwrecked on the shores of Ponthieu, and is taken prisoner to William, Duke of Normandy, who professes to be his friend; but before he is allowed to return to England he is made to swear by the saints to support William to the crown of England—which he does, much against his will.

Harold then returns to England to find Edward on his death-bed. Edward names Harold as his successor, and he is crowned by the Great Council. After he is crowned he again meets Edith in the garden, and she returns him his ring. They are interrupted by Gurth, Earl of East Anglia, who bears the news of Tostig’s revolt and the arrival of Harold Hadrada, king of Norway, on the English coast with a great army. Harold takes a hasty farewell of Edith and hurries to Northumbria to join his knights; he is here forced to accept Aldwith as his queen, in order to secure the aid of the Northumbrians in the coming battle.

Before the battle of Stamford-Bridge, Harold meets Tostig on the plain and reproaches him for his infidelity to England, and but for his promise to king Edward to spare Tostig, he would have slain him; they part, Tostig to join

the arms of Norway and Harold to Stamford-Bridge, where he fights the great battle. The conflict wages till evening, when the wings of victory hover over the Golden Dragon of Wessex, and Tostig and Hadrada perish.

While Harold and his knights banquet after the battle, a messenger, bespattered with mud and half famished, startles the court by the news that William the Norman has landed at Pevensey and taken York. Harold immediately pushes forward with his forces to the Hill of Senlac, which he fortifies, and awaits the approach of William. Some hours before the battle of Hastings Harold falls asleep, and the saintly king Edward appears to him in a dream and foretells his death:

"Son Harold, I, thy king, who came before
To tell thee that thou shouldst win at Stamford-Bridge,
Come yet once more from whence I am at peace,
Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill
Sanguelac."

Harold awakes, battle-axe in hand, and cries:

"Away!
My battle-axe against your voices, peace!
The king's last words 'The Arrow' I shall die—
I die for England then, who lived for England,
What nobler! men must die;
I cannot fall into a falser world."

The battle on Senlac Hill wages fierce for many hours; thrice are the Normans hurled down from its crest, but the third repulse becomes a Norman victory; William feigns flight and draws the English from their redoubts in pursuit, and then, suddenly sending the Norman horse against them, breaks their barricades. Harold, while bravely fighting beside the banner of Wessex, is shot through the eye by a Norman arrow, and the battle of Hastings ends in a desperate melee over his body, and the Norman Duke ascends the throne of England.

After the battle, Edith is found on Senlac Hill looking for Harold among the slain; she finds him and takes from his cold hand their engagement ring. While she lingers weeping by his side, Aldwith and William come suddenly upon her and charge her with impious things, which she repudiates, and then throws herself on the body of Harold and dies; and with her death the play ends.

Edith and Aldwith, the only female characters in the play, are as unlike as night and day: Edith is a pure and simple girl, brought up under the care of a most noble king, possessed of a tender and affectionate disposition, but weak and untutored in the ways of the world. Her noble character shows itself in her untiring devotion to Harold through fortune and adversity.

Aldwith is a diplomatic woman, thoroughly versed in worldly affairs, possessed of a masculine disposition and a remarkably strong character; but none of the finer qualities of womanhood which we find in Edith can be attributed to her. She pretends to love Harold, when in reality she hates him. Her ambition is to become queen of England, and Harold is the instrument she chooses to carry out her design. By her knavery with Morcar she causes a revolt in Northumbria, which results in Harold's acceptance of her as his queen, in order to secure the aid of the Northern knights at Stamford-Bridge.

Of Harold we can say little, except that in Tennyson's drama he stands forth a noble man, a gallant soldier and a true friend to England. The only blemish on his character is his promise to William, which he failed to keep; and for this we can forgive him when we consider how he fought and died at Hastings to save his crown and country from a foreign monarch.

The merit of this drama lies more in the clear and forcible diction and the graphic descriptions than in the plot, which is mainly historical. One almost sees behind the words of the various narratives pictures of the comet with its ghostly tail, the beautiful Edith singing her songs of love in the palace garden, the death of King Edward and the grim and ghastly field of Hastings with its royal dead, so vivid and true to life are his word paintings.

[NOTE BY THE PROF. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Mr. Lane has failed to accentuate the fact that the "Harold" of Tennyson has followed too closely the "Harold" of Lord Lytton in historical inaccuracies. He might have warned his readers, too, of a note by the "American editor" to a late edition of Lingard's History, in which Bulwer's "Harold" is praised for its historical truth!]

Science, Literature and Art.

—Cardinal Haynold, of Hungary, famous as a botanist, has suddenly lost the faculty of reading and writing.

—John G. Whittier, the aged poet, recently refused two thousand dollars from a magazine for a short poem.

—In London first editions of Goldsmith are becoming scarce; for the "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766) \$375 was recently asked.

—A diary kept by Gordon during the Taping rebellions in China will be published in London soon, edited by Egniont Hake, with portrait, maps and plans.

—General Lew Wallace is an inventor as well as an author, and has a patent still cross-tie for railroad tracks, out of which he expects to make more money than many "Ben Hurs" combined.

—Robert Browning is likely to be the last of the English men of letters, save Tennyson, who will find a grave in Westminster Abbey; the interment of any more bodies being opposed on sanitary grounds.

—Marshall MacMahon has finished his "Memoirs"; the work will not be published for general circulation; only six autograph copies will be printed, one for the author and the others for his wife and four children.

—It will surprise many Americans to learn that Paul du Chaillu was born in New Orleans (1837), only his great-great-grandfather having been a Frenchman. Certainly this country has reason to be proud of him.

—The French Academy has presented to Marion Crawford a prize of 1,000 francs as an acknowledgment of the merit of his novels, and particularly of "Zoroaster" and "Marzio's Crucifix," which were written in French as well as in English.

—A Russian inventor has a new smokeless gunpowder, said to exceed in power any explosive yet invented for guns. The government is constructing immense new works for the manufacture of the powder, and the inventor has been taken into the service.

—Gladstone is a very prolific writer. During his distinguished career he has published no less than two hundred and ninety-nine books and pamphlets, exclusive of numberless newspaper and magazine articles. He is now engaged in writing an important article on Motley and his work as an historian, which will contain interesting personal reminiscences.

—Five copies of Cardinal Gibbons' new book, "Our Christian Hermitage," have been sent to Rome handsomely bound. The copy intended for the Pope is bound in rich white calf, in a white watered-silk case, with round corners and solid gold edges. The front is lettered in gold, "To Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII." The other copies are in rich red morocco with folding cases to match.

—Prof. L. M. Underwood, of Syracuse N. Y., is now distributing the 5th and 6th Decades of *Hæpaticæ Americanæ*. The collection now includes representatives of 38 genera and 60 species. This collection is of great assistance to students of that most difficult class of plants—the *Hæpaticæ*. Prof. Underwood has also ready for distribution a set of 100 typical representative species of the class of *Fungi* to be found in North America. No beginner can afford to be without this work.

—F. Marion Crawford in "With the Immortals," Vol. II., page 160, says of Giordano Bruno: "One portion of his writings is not fit for man or beast, much less for woman! When he was not spiteful, he was filthy; and when he was neither, he was blasphemous, though he was frequently all three together." And in a footnote he adds: "It is to be presumed that Giordano Bruno's English defenders have either

never seen his complete works, or have not understood the low Neapolitan dialect in which he often wrote."

College Gossip.

—What will be Freshie's year in 1897?

—The race between Oxford and Cambridge next April will be remarkable for the excellent condition of both crews.

—Vassar College receives \$6,000 by the will of the late Rev. J. R. Kendrick, formerly president of the college. The bequest is for the establishment of a Kendrick-scholarship fund.

—I am glad of every college that is endowed, no matter who endows it. Every institution of learning increases the culture, which I believe will build up the government of this great country of ours, under which all are free and equal.—*James G. Blaine.*

—A petrified tree was found recently in a coal mine at Osnabrück, Germany. The trunk is almost four feet through and the roots cover a surface about fifteen feet square. The tree has been set up in a special room in the Berlin School of Mines.

—Benjamin Thompson, of Durham, N. H., has left the whole of a large estate, worth half a million, to found an agricultural college in that city. Conditions are annexed to his will and if they are not complied with the money is to go to Massachusetts. If that State does not comply, the money is to go to Michigan.

—There are now 29,007 students in German universities, against 28,929 one year ago: 5,731 of them are in Berlin, 3,479 in Munich, 3,453 in Leipsic, 1,657 in Würzburg, 1,307 in Breslau, 1,224 in Tübingen, 1,223 in Bonn, 952 in Heidelberg, 948 in Erlangen, 936 in Strasburg, 854 in Göttingen, 783 in Marburg, 780 in Königsberg, 766 in Greifswald, 566 in Giessen, 560 in Jena, 502 in Kiel, 405 in Münster, 346 in Rostock. Of the total number of students, 5,680 study theology, 6,872 jurisprudence, 8,714 medicine, and 7,741 philosophy.

—The *Niagara Index* "hits off a bar" of a popular "ditty" in the following happy style:

TRADUCTION.

"A neuf heures du matin, le dimanche, Monsieur Dan, Bien vêtu, regardait un mur très haut, Quand il rencontra McCann, qui vantait, 'Monsieur Dan,

Je puis vous porter sauf-la, mais il faut M'offrir bonne gageure, et n'avoir point peur, Car vous pouvez rester tranquille sur mon dos.' Dos-à-dos, il monte l'échelle, et son progrès était tel Que Maginty avait peur de perdre tout; Maginty se détache, et il tombe sur son panache, Sa tête cassé, ses vêtements pleins de boue.

"ENSEMBLE:

"A bas tombe Maginty jusqu'au fond du mur; Il gagna la gageure, mais sa chute était très dure; Son visage tout blessé par raison de cette chute (Tout vêtu dans ses habits de dimanche)."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Chicago *Herald* recently stated that the University of Michigan was the only college in the country where the principles of the dramatic art are taught. This should be modified somewhat. The construction of plays, the meaning of the unities in the great Greek plays, in the plays of Shakspeare and in our best modern dramas form part of the course of English Literature in all Catholic colleges. Much attention is certainly given to them at Notre Dame where a class of journalism has been founded.

—Our esteemed contemporaries of the daily press are engaged in taking Professor Huxley to task for a misquotation, which serves as the basis of alleged argumentation, in an article on "The Natural Inequality of Man," published in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Huxley, pretending to quote from the American Declaration of Independence, asks:

"What is the meaning of the famous phrase that 'all men are born free and equal,' which gallicised Americans, who were as much *philosophes* as their inherited common sense and their practical acquaintance with men and with affairs would let them be, put forth as the foundation of the Declaration of Independence?"

The "famous phrase" does not occur anywhere in the immortal "Declaration," and yet the distinguished scientist (?) makes it the text of several pages of satirical comment. The Declaration says:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Will this lead Mr. Huxley's American admirers to stop and think that perhaps his "Lectures"

and other articles are based upon misstatements and misconception of the spirit of writings from which he pretends to quote? If Mr. Huxley's *reason* plays such pranks when dealing in the matters which come within the legitimate sphere of inquiry on the part of human intellect, what is to be thought of him, when he attacks so important a matter as religion? when he sneers at what he cannot understand? It is inevitable that ultra-rationalistic procedure should lead to insincerity and betray itself in gross error.

Washington's Birthday.

To-day America comes forth attired in her gayest festive robe, and with a smiling countenance exhorts all her faithful sons to lay aside all political prejudices, and also every unjust opinion they may have entertained of each other, and with united hearts and voices join in celebrating the birthday of him whom she so justly denominates "The Father of his Country." Americans hear and heed the voice of their country to-day, especially as it summons them together; that they may honor the memory of the illustrious Washington, who was the benefactor of their land, and the staunch friend of civilization.

They honor his memory to-day as their liberator from the oppressive sway of Great Britain; as the leading vindicator of their country's independence, and the founder of the great and glorious Republic of America. If the American pauses and calls to mind the many happy results obtained from the great leadership of Washington, he will surely feel his heart swelling with gratefulness towards the distinguished patriot. By celebrating this anniversary in a worthy and becoming manner, America displays to the world her love and appreciation of true and exalted patriotism, and that she regards not a hero with mere indifference, nor with a heedless eye overlooks his exploits. She venerates the hero while living and perpetuates his memory after death. So she regards her heroic Washington; she has ordained that the day of his birth should be classed with her national holidays and observed in patriotic spirit. One hundred and fifty-eight years have rolled by since Washington was born—a period of time that has witnessed the most important and interesting events recorded in American annals. Wars, revolutions and rebellions have all occurred since then within the boundaries of the United States.

Since that time what a wonderful change has

taken place! America was then a tributary of England, but now she claims all as her own, from the shores of the stormy Atlantic to those of the calm Pacific, an extension of 3,000 miles; and from the Great Lakes on the North to the Gulf of Mexico on the South, a distance of 2,500 miles. America's starry banner now proudly floats over this vast portion of the continent: it waves from the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains to the most secreted valleys of the Alleghanys. And how did the Americans obtain their independence? By their united strength and under the command of General Washington! Why should it, therefore, be wondered at that to-day is one of America's greatest festivals? Truly it deserves to be celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence that the Republic can command; and everywhere throughout the land the day should be observed in a patriotic manner. The roar of artillery and the soul-inspiring strains of martial music, joined with the acclamations of enthusiastic multitudes, whose applause occasionally burst forth in appreciation of the address of a speaker, should form the general characteristics of the day. Long may the memory of George Washington live in the hearts of the people; and may his birthday always remain a national holiday!

L.

What the Church has Done for Civilization.

To enumerate the munificent services of the Church in the cause of civilization would involve little less than an abridgment of the acts of her almost innumerable councils, and an epitome of the works and policy of her pontiffs, hierarchy and clergy. The influence of the Church in the strifes and politics of the Middle Ages is a constant theme for unfriendly criticism by modern writers; but never were animadversions more ill-founded or unjust. The conspicuous example of her great Popes Innocent III. and Gregory VII. illustrates in a striking manner the efficacy and beneficial influence exercised on European politics by this greatly derided Papal influence. One after another of these Popes constantly interposed in behalf of the interests as well as the rights of the people in opposition to arbitrary and tyrannical sovereigns. It was a Pope who first denounced the infamy of human slavery, and successive pontiffs demanded its suppression or sought to ameliorate the condition of the captive and the slave. Long before Wilberforce had raised his voice in the halls of Westminster and branded the "crime against civilization" the Church had encouraged

the promotion of societies for the redemption of the captive and the slave; and thousands of her sons, inspired by heroic zeal, voyaged to barbarous lands to become themselves substitutes for the Christian captives. General and provincial councils in the Middle Ages had time and again pronounced upon the rights and immunities of the people, and promulgated constitutions and decrees as broad and liberal as any known to us in modern times.

We owe to the Church the origin and foundation of the parliamentary assemblies, such as the *Diets* in Germany, the *States General* in France and the *Parliaments* of England. And in education what has the Church left undone? What sacrifices has she not everywhere made in its behalf! Witness the magnificent crowning monuments which still exist in the cities of Europe; or the ruins of the "monkish" schools that o'er-spread every European land, attesting what the Church has done for education. The boasted universities of Oxford and Cambridge are still sustained by the fruits of the endowments made centuries ago by Catholic bishops, Catholic kings and Catholic nobles—now, alas! lamentably perverted to Protestant purposes. Ten years before Harvard, near Boston, a Catholic bishop had consecrated to education Laval College in Quebec, and fifty years before, the Catholic college of Mexico was in existence.

It is, of course, impossible to compress to the necessary brevity of an outline sketch even a tithe of the works by which the Church sought to spread civilization and its fruits.

Protestant writers, like Guizot, Hallam and Dean Milman, sometimes do justice to the beneficent labors of the Church in the past, and are forced to admit that but for her fostering care letters, science and civilization would have altogether disappeared.

Montalembert has made us familiar in his magnificent prose epic, "The Monks of the West," how the monks cultivated desert tracts, cleared forests, laid the foundations of cities, nursed industry, perfected legislation and reduced customs to codes; and Digby, in his inimitable "*Mores Catholici*," has beautifully pictured the widespread diffusion of the charity and benevolence, the heavenly graces and Christian faith which even in the ages misnamed *dark* abounded in the hearts and homes of Catholic peasant and Catholic prince. This was in an era when Poorhouses were unknown, and before poverty was stigmatized as a crime.

But in the judgment of latter day critics there was no civilization before *our days*!

It remained for the age of the newspaper

puns and of the so-called *scientists* to scoff at the efforts of the Church in the cause of civilization. Every student of history knows that its annals and pages give the lie to the unjust reproach. In a word, *the progress of the Church has been the march of civilization.*

Toleration.

Toleration may be defined as a capacity for enduring or suffering something of which we do not approve—as the submission to some matter of opinion which we consider to be in opposition to, or at least out of harmony with, our own views.

Toleration may exist in regard to a variety of subjects, and in each case a different name may be applied to it; as for instance, religious or political toleration. The word may have an extended signification. Thus we say we tolerate an inconvenience if we suffer it to be undisturbed; we tolerate an affront if we do not avenge it, or if we pass it by unnoticed; we tolerate suffering when we endure it as a necessity or as something to which resistance would be useless.

When we are in that passive condition in which we reconcile our minds to what is inevitable and unavoidable, we are tolerant. But if, under any source of difficulty, we are brought into a state of impatience and fretfulness,—when we do not bear it with resignation, when we resist it either by an avowed enmity or open opposition, or when we cherish hostile sentiments towards it, we are intolerant.

However, in its strictest acceptation, the word toleration refers to matters of opinion. We distinguish a tolerant man as one who suffers others to hold opinions different from his own without attempting to deprive them of their right or persecuting them on account of them. A tolerant man respects the opinions of others, either because he is not sufficiently certain of the truth of his own belief, to hold, as a necessary consequence, that those who differ from him are in the wrong, or because he observes certain conditions arrayed against his opinion which afford some room for doubt, and these, though they be not of such a character as to overturn the settled convictions which he has acquired in regard to a particular subject, have yet so much influence upon him that they produce liberal and tolerant feelings. This species of toleration results from a consciousness of human opinions, from a lack of ardent conviction in him who possesses it, or from a knowledge of the inherent weakness and illusive character of the human intellect.

But I doubt if there be any human being who will not arrive at some conclusion whenever any serious matter of consideration is presented to his mind. True, perhaps he may not reach one that will be satisfactory, owing to the scantiness of the materials at his command, but then he reasons from the particulars in his possession; for it is one of the properties of the human mind to reduce its knowledge to a system, to generalize it for future reflection, and thence, as from a storehouse, to evolve the creations of fancy.

Another species of toleration is that which results from the respect entertained for the person holding the contrary opinion. We naturally respect virtue and sincerity wherever we find them; and when we meet their possessor we are disposed to drop the spirit of aggression, to lay aside the difference of opinion which divides us, and with magnanimity of soul to grasp the hand of friendship and to extend to him the offices of charity and good will. And we may show this indulgence to others even when there is no higher motive than that of a personal regard for one with whom we have been intimately associated on other occasions, into whose confidence we have been admitted, or from whom we have received some favor.

Again, the tolerant man, actuated by motives of candor, and inspired with feelings of generosity, considers how imperfect man is,—how liable to err,—how easily influenced by circumstances,—how prone to evil; and therefore he tolerates the opinions and respects the prejudices of others, placing himself, as it were, under the same circumstances and surrounding himself with the peculiarities which he observes in others, whose character perhaps differs so widely from his own; and thus he obtains a clear insight into their character and becomes capable of viewing their errors with moderation.

It is but natural for us to consider it as a mark of superior enlightenment, as an evidence of a generous and liberal spirit, when we meet one who lays aside his prejudices and modifies the expression of his own views to accommodate himself, as nearly as justice and discretion will permit, to those with whom he happens to be thrown in contact. Because he yields with this disposition, and for the sake of preserving peace and concord with his associates, we should not accuse him of being vacillating and unsteady in his opinions; we should rather imagine his opinions to be more solid and substantial, for truth does not overcome error by a blind and obstinate engagement, but by using the arts of gentle persuasion and Christian forbearance. So, on

the other hand, mankind view with dislike the narrowness of prejudice. They despise its quaint and limited notions, its ignorance, its utter selfishness and disregard for the rights of humanity. It is a common observation that men of experience are generally more tolerant than those who have not had such a variety of opinions presented to their inspection, or who have not mingled so indiscriminately with all classes of human nature. There is no doubt that men are averse to changes in their social condition unless they can see some immediate benefit which they will derive therefrom; all institutions which are associated with happy recollections of the past, around which time has thrown a venerable mantle, or which derive a sacred character from being constantly connected with lofty feelings in the mind of the individual, and whose influence has pervaded the habits and customs of society, are not easily overthrown, nor without resistance. It is only when men view these changes from a different standpoint than that which is afforded by their imagination and feelings that they will tolerate these innovations. This will appear if we but consider how ardent has been the resistance to many really praiseworthy improvements. How difficult, for instance, to remove some useless and burdensome maxim of the law, or to inaugurate a new line of policy in the government better adapted to meet the necessities of the people!

It is the natural result of experience that with a greater knowledge of affairs, with a more profound insight into human nature, and with a greater number of examples in its possession, it should attain more perfection in its deliberations and be more tolerant in its views. But lastly, charity and humility, as Balme says, are the two principal sources of toleration among Christians: charity, which overlooks the imperfections of another, which forgets the differences of religion, which extends the helping hand of friendship to the unfortunate to relieve their necessities, which considers only the common tie of humanity, and that our Saviour died on the Cross for all men; humility, which is nothing else than a consciousness of the errors and imperfections of human nature; these are the strongest pillars of religion, the heavenly messengers of grace, the most shining virtues that can adorn the soul of man. And these, though virtues of so amiable a character, are by no means inconsistent with a steadfast adherence to the faith for one who possesses them, while in his conduct he treats all classes with Christian courtesy and never attempts by mere force of persuasion to drive them from their opinion or

belief, at the same time cherishing those convictions which he has received from religious instruction with such ardor and devotion that not even persecution can banish them.

E. M. S.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for March is not behind in interest to former issues. The leading article gives still further details of the early history of Newfoundland; "St. Brendan, the First Discoverer of America," is an interesting paper; "No Place Like Home" will be read in every family. The following are the other principal articles: "Matthew Arnold's Poor Substitute for Religion"; "The Flag on the Schools"; "The Triple Consecration at St. Paul"; "Glimpses of Irish Industries"; "A Girl's Stratagem"; "Three Colleges for Negroes"; "Commissioner Morgan vs. Senator Vest"; "A Martyr of Charity"; "Papal Encyclical"; "The American Child and the Christian School"; "The Boston *Herald* and Father Damien." There are in all thirty-five articles, not including the juvenile department, and twenty pages of events of the month.

—The March *Wide Awake* opens with a charming biography in miniature by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, of "The Beautiful Emily Marshall," a famous young belle of Old Boston, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece. Among the illustrated articles are "Animals at School," by Eleanor Lewis, and "Among the Date Palms," by Frances H. Throop, with her own drawings made in Africa recently. California furnishes the material for a story by Mrs. General Frémont entitled "A Picnic Near the Equator." "The Coltie that Kicked Up" will delight little people, and young and old will read with interest Miss Poulsson's "Early America in Clay," which shows how successful and really necessary kindergarten work is in all schools for the blind. The article has some twenty illustrations of historical objects shaped in clay by the sightless children. Ingenious boys and girls will be apt to try Mr. Beard's "Musical Correspondence," a very ingenious system of cypher. Mrs. White's "Newspaper Workers" will be read with profit. From it we quote the following:

"Newspaper work is literally never done. Your paper goes on through everything; it is printed every day, and sometimes several times a day, as in the case of the paper with which I am connected, which has eight editions every day. Can you understand what that means? Something fresh and new in every one. The last incident caught even in its happening, chronicled in white heat, and put before the waiting public before it is two hours old. Nothing must escape; every class in the community must be looked after, from the merchant-prince to the rag-picker. Do you realize what this requires? Quickness, alertness, and more than that, if you will let me coin a word, *aliveness*. A readiness to do whatever may come to you, to turn out an interesting story on any subject, to make the most of trifling incident, in short, to give *value* to every piece of work put into your hand to do."

Personal.

—Mr. Thomas W. Simms, '80, is a prominent lawyer of Springfield, Ky.

—Mr. A. J. Gallery, of Chicago, was among the welcome visitors on Sunday last.

—Rev. J. F. Nugent, East Des Moines, Iowa, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Mr. Martin Lenard, of South Chicago, Ill., is at Notre Dame visiting his son in the Junior department.

—Mr. Preston Roberts, of Independence, Mo., called during the week to see his two sons at the University.

—Mr. Edward Ezekiel, of Chicago, is paying a visit to his son in the Minim department at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Morris Einstein, of Chicago, visited the College on Thursday and entered his grandson among the "princes."

—John H. Cooney (Com'l), '80, holds a responsible position in one of the Government buildings at Washington.

—Signor Gregori, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fannie, of St. Mary's, is spending a few days in New Orleans.

—George E. Clarke, of '82, is travelling through Ohio in the interests of the Studebaker Wagon Manufactory at South Bend.

—Mr. E. Meilbek, of Chicago, spent a few days at the College during the week making a "Bird's-Eye View" of the University buildings and grounds.

—Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Chicago; R. J. Ball, Boston; G. A. Bergland, Cardillac, Mich., and P. A. McPhilips, New York, were among the visitors during the week.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., returned to Notre Dame on Wednesday last after an extended visit to Toledo, Ohio, and Mt. Clemens, Mich. Father Cooney, we are glad to say, is rapidly recovering his health.

—Rev. President Walsh delivered a lecture on "The Papacy" last Sunday evening under the auspices of the St. Joseph's Temperance Society of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend. A very large audience was present.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby is visiting the Houses of the Congregation in the South. He is accompanied by Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, who seeks in southern climes to be freed from the consequences of *La Grippe*. We expect a few interesting and delightful "notes" of the journey.

—Prof. Neal H. Ewing, '83, for a number of years an efficient member of the Faculty of the University, has resigned his position to engage in the practice of the Law at Lancaster, Ohio. Prof. Ewing brings to his new avocation the resources of a mind richly adorned by nature and stored with learning resulting from careful

and well-directed studies. He has the best wishes of his associates and the students, all of whom had learned to respect and esteem him during the time of his connection with the University.

Local Items.

—*Imple illud.*

—The day we celebrate.

—Winter began—Feb. 20.

—Hurrah for the Congress!

—The starry flag waveth proudly.

—Thespians this afternoon at 4.30.

—The St. Cecilians have a Quartette.

—Frank is back, looking as well as ever.

—Did you hear the little German Band?

—Notice the two new scenes this evening.

—Competitions next week in the Preparatory Courses.

—The bill of negro transportation is now before the house.

—A full report of the entertainment will be given next week.

—The Columbians will give an entertainment on St. Patrick's day.

—The Juniors regret the departure of "Mc"—not the far-famed "Mc," however.

—Republicans can force a deadlock in the Philodemic Congress if they so desire.

—This very changeable weather seriously interferes with the work of "ye local Ed."

—To-day is Washington's Birthday and is being properly celebrated at Notre Dame.

—Neatly printed programmes of the entertainment have been issued from the SCHOLASTIC office.

—The old "garden wall" by the farm house has been replaced by one more substantial and handsome.

—The Congress is in session, and Homer P. is speaker of the house; the Democrats have the majority.

—We do not know of any place where Washington's Birthday is celebrated with the same enthusiasm as at Notre Dame.

—Our genial Prefect of the Music Hall, Bro. Charles, has been indisposed for the past few days. We hope to see him soon again amongst us.

—Wednesday last (Ash-Wednesday) marked the beginning of the holy season of Lent. The solemn ceremony of the distribution of ashes preceded the High Mass.

—Keep off the grass! One of the plats in St. Joseph's Place is being marred by persons crossing it in spite of the half-way fence put up as a reminder. Keep off the grass!

—We would again call attention to the fact that we are only too well pleased to receive all the local and personal gossip that may be sent

us. Our "box" is at the same place in the office.

—Many improvements in the electrical line are being introduced—electrical clocks, gongs, lamps of new design, etc., etc. Prof. M. O'Dea promises to tell us all about it as soon as he can get a little time.

—Isn't it about time for the would-be baseball managers and captains to begin fixing their fences? The season is approaching rapidly, and as "a stitch in time saves nine," we advise them to bestir themselves.

—Those who have witnessed the rehearsals say that the Thespians will surpass themselves this evening. "At the Sign of the Rose" will be one of the most successful plays ever produced on the boards at Notre Dame.

—"This is the unkindest cut of all," said a public man, with a groan, when he saw his portrait in a daily newspaper.—*Ex.*

Some of our exchanges continue to give unkind *cuts* of distinguished clergymen. It would be hard to say which of them is the "unkindest."

—The Band makes its appearance to-day, to the great delight of all. The air is filled with the notes of martial music and patriotic airs that awaken all the latent enthusiasm of the youthful breast, and joy is unconfined. Long live the Band!

—The spring building will, no doubt, be inaugurated by the erection of the new shops for the Manual Labor School. Commencement time should find the buildings completed and presenting a magnificent *tout ensemble* to the visitor. The summer months may then be devoted wholly to the addition to Sorin Hall.

—Signor Gregori has completed the series of allegorical paintings which adorn the interior of the dome. We hope soon to present a detailed and critical description of these magnificent frescos which are the delight and admiration of every visitor. The dome is now open to the public and will well repay a visit.

—The 21st regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., with the Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, in the chair. The newly-elected officers delivered their inaugural addresses. Mr. L. B. Davis was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. The programme of exercises consisted of an extemporaneous debate, in which Messrs. Boyd, J. Fitzgerald and Murphy distinguished themselves.

—An interesting and well-contested game of base-ball took place on the Junior campus Monday afternoon, in which the *Blues*, captained by B. Hesse, were victorious over T. Brady's *Reds*, by a score of 8 to 4. Clendenin and McPhillips and Hesse and Wile did the battery work respectively for the *Reds* and *Blues*. The Juniors contain excellent base-ball material this year, and interesting spring championship contests are looked for.

—The following officers have been appointed for the Sorin Cadets: Chas. Connors, 1st Ser-

geant; P. Stephens, 2d Sergeant; J. Crane, 3d Sergeant; W. Walsh, 4th Sergeant; C. McPhee, 5th Sergeant; J. Barbour, 1st Corporal; T. Finerty, 2d Corporal; G. Klaner, 3d Corporal; W. Connors, 4th Corporal. Under the management of Captains Prudhomme and Leonard the Cadets are making rapid progress in the tactics. They will be a valuable addition to the dress parades this spring.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours' exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly opened at High Mass on Sunday last. The grand altar was splendidly adorned with natural flowers, and brilliantly illuminated by numerous wax tapers. During the three days of the exercises frequent visits were made by the Catholic students, all of whom approached the Holy Table in a body. The devotions concluded on Tuesday evening by a solemn procession followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The 22d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held last Wednesday evening. The exercises opened with a declamation by L. Davis, and a humorous selection by C. Fleming. J. McPhillips read an excellent criticism on the previous meeting. Then came the debate "Resolved, that the U. S. President should be elected by the direct vote of the people." On the affirmative were R. Healy, M. Quinlan and P. Murphy; on the negative, J. R. Boyd, J. Fitzgerald and C. Priestly. The papers of J. R. Boyd and R. Healy showed careful preparation. The President announced that at the next meeting the members would take part in an impromptu debate.

—At a special meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held in St. Edward's Hall on Feb. 19, an election of officers for the second session resulted as follows: Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger and Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Hon. Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; C. Connor, 1st Vice-President; F. Roberts, 2d Vice-President; E. Elkin, Corresponding Secretary; James O'Neill, Recording Secretary; W. Marr, Treasurer; H. Gilbert, Marshall; C. McPhee, 1st Monitor; A. Mattes, 2d Monitor; J. Barbour, Librarian; G. Vandercook, 1st Censor; G. Zeigler, 2d Censor; B. Morrison, 3d Censor; J. Crane, 4th Censor, W. Walsh, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. Connor, Standard Bearer.

—Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards, is at present in a most flourishing condition. The membership is larger than it has been for some time, and the interest taken in the drills is especially lasting and earnest. The showing made last Sunday was certainly a creditable one both to the commanders and to the men. The proficiency in tactics and the promptness of execution proved that much has been accomplished since last fall, and gives truth to the assertion recently made that the company of this year is the best we have had since the organization of

the "Guards." The officers are: E. Prudhomme, Captain; A. Leonard, 1st Lieutenant; L. Chute, 2d Lieutenant; R. Bronson, 1st Sergeant; G. Cooke, 2d Sergeant; M. Reynolds, 3d Sergeant; C. T. Cavanagh, 4th Sergeant; L. Pim, 5th Sergeant; T. Coady, 1st Corporal. There are 50 members.

—The 14th regular meeting of the Philodemics was held Saturday evening, February 15, President H. P. Brelsford in the chair. The programme of the evening consisted of a debate, "Resolved, that the Australian ballot system should be introduced into the States." It was argued on the affirmative by H. P. Brelsford and R. Bronson; on the negative by E. Paradis and N. J. Sinnott. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative. The body then proceeded to organize into a Mock Congress, with H. P. Brelsford as speaker, J. R. Fitzgibbons clerk. The chair appointed the following committee on "Ways and Means": J. R. Fitzgibbons (Dem.), G. J. Cooke (Dem.), W. O'Brien (Rep.). C. S. Berger (Dem.) was elected Sergeant-at-Arms, J. J. McGrath (Rep.), engrossing clerk, with F. Chute and W. O'Brien as first and second assistants. House Bill No. 1 was introduced by W. Meagher (Dem.). It was referred to the committee on "Ways and Means," said committee to report at the next meeting. The house then adjourned until Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m.

—A grand musical and dramatic entertainment in celebration of Washington's Birthday will be given by the Thespian Association of the University in Washington Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

I.

- Overture—"Heinzelmannchen".....*Eilenberg*
Notre Dame University Orchestra.
Chorus—"America".....Choral Union
"Star Spangled Banner".....Solo, Duet and Chorus
Messrs. C. Ramsey, W. Lahey and Choral Union.
Cordelia Polka.....*D. Müller*
Notre Dame University Orchestra.
"Washington"—Oration of the Day...E. R. Adelsperger
Comrades in Arms—Chorus....Companies "A" and "B"
Overture—"The Silver Wedding".....*Schlepegrell*
University Orchestra.
"Star of Descending Night".....Quartette
Messrs. Hackett, McPhee, Mock and Jewett.

II.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE."

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

- Robert Morton (an Old Man).....J. Herman
Robert Kirke (His Nephew).....J. E. Berry
Roland Cashel (Kirke's Friend).....J. S. Hummer
Gaston de Martin (Aide-de-camp to Lafayette)
.....J. E. Paradis
Giles Morton (Nephew to Robert Morton, and Major
in the British Army).....H. P. Brelsford
Tom Ruxton (Servant to Roland Cashel)...H. G. O'Neill
George Archer (An American Soldier)...J. R. Fitzgibbon
Jean Lisle (Servant to Gaston de Martin)...F. E. Lane
Bill Griffiths (Landlord of "The Rose")...J. B. Sullivan
Walter Jones (His Hostler).....W. F. Ford
John (the Jailor).....C. B. Flynn
Servant.....W. P. Blackman
Soldiers, servants, etc., etc.
Grand March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. B

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Anderson, Blessington, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Combe, Cassin, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, Geo. Cooke, Louis Chute, Fred. Chute, Clayton, P. Coady, Cosgrove, Crall, Dorsey, Delany, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty, Dunkel, F. Flynn, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, P. Fleming, Ford, Fehr, Fack, E. Fleming, Garfias, Giblin, Galen, Gough, E. Hayes, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, Hackett, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, W. Hayes, Hepburn, J. S. Johnson, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, F. Kelly, Krembs, J. Kelly, Kohlman, R. King, Kunart, Lesner, Langan, Lair, Lancaster, Lane, Lappin, Lynch, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Louisell, Latson, McAlister, G. McDonnell, McPhee, Mithen, McConlogue, Mackey, McGrath, Meagher, Metzger, J. Newman, W. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, F. Prichard, H. Prichard, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Quigley, Rebillot, Rose, Rothert, Roberts, Robinson, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, Satter, L. Scherrer, D. Sullivan, Soden, Standard, O. Sullivan, Stanton,* F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, B. Bates, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Boyd, Bradley, Barger, Burns, Baltes, Cunningham, Coll, J. Connors, Collman, Cheney, Coe, O. DuBrul, Dempsey, Delaney, DesGarennnes, DeLormier, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Gerlach, Garrison, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hannin, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, Hague, Hoerr, Jacobs, Kearney, Lenard, Lambertson, Lamme, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, W. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockles, Neenan, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Putnam, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Scott, Stanton, Soku, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Treff, Tynnen, Tetard, Tinsley, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Whalen, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Young, Zinn, O'Brien.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, Covert, C. Connor, Coquillard, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, Frankel, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Greene, D. Gilkison, Gilbert, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, C. Lambertson, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oatman, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Weaver, Walsh, Weber, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler,

* Omitted by mistake last week.

An Arab Saying.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not:
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weapest, in vain dost yearn.
Those three will nevermore return.

—The Century.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. T. Vagnier, C. S. C., of Earl Park, Ind., was a welcome visitor last week.

—Miss Belle Snowhook (Class '88), of Chicago, visited St. Mary's last week; she was accompanied by Miss F. Sullivan of South Bend, with whom she is spending a few days.

—On Tuesday last, the First and Second Seniors held a very pleasant reception. The Misses Curtis, Horner and Crane added to the enjoyment by rendering several numbers of music and by recitations.

—Shrove Tuesday was celebrated with enthusiasm; as Washington's birthday comes in Lent, some of the festivities incident to the celebration of that day were anticipated, and the two hours extra recreation proved most enjoyable.

—The Junior department is indebted to Miss Ella Burns for a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Sorrows. Little Ella is anxious to return to St. Mary's, but her health will not permit; she is at present enjoying the delights of Los Angeles, California.

—Miss L. Farwell very gracefully recited a patriotic selection at the academic meeting of Sunday last; Miss C. Hurley read a poem entitled "The Forty Hours." Rev. Father Zahm then continued his remarks of some weeks ago on the study of microbes, etc.

—Miss L. Hutchinson, an old pupil and an esteemed friend, has been spending a few days at St. Mary's. Miss Lizzie has but lately returned from a year's travel in Europe, and her graphic accounts of noted persons and places denote, what is rare among young ladies—an intelligent and appreciative traveller.

—While fancy-work receives much attention at St. Mary's, there is a class where the needle-work, though not entirely ornamental, is really worthy of praise; the class to which we refer is the one held every Wednesday morning, when mending is in order. Each pupil is required to keep her wardrobe in order, and it is a most pleasing spectacle to note the interest manifested in the arts of darning, patching, etc.

—On Sunday, Feb. 16, the devotion known as the "*Quarant' Ore*" was commenced at St. Mary's. The altar was beautifully decorated with choice flowers and glittering candelabra, and each day, from early morning until the Benediction at 8 p. m., did worshippers gather round the altar to offer the incense of their prayers and to receive in return the graces of Him "whose delight is to be with the children of men."

—The visitors for the past week were: Mrs. W. Bushnell, Mrs. W. Crilly, Mrs. M. Schaack, J. Girsch, Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. J. Cochrane, Mrs.

E. Eldred, Mrs. Wright, A. J. Kaspar, Mrs. H. Sheldon, Mrs. L. Brand, Mrs. J. Cooper, W. Shirey, N. Davis, Mrs. A. Davis, Miss A. Rowley, Mrs. G. Castle, Chicago; M. Williams, Alexandria, Va.; T. Culp, Athens, Mich.; Mrs. A. Shrock, Goshen, Ind.; F. Holt, Genoa, Ohio; Miss K. Demphy, Miss L. Pieram, C. Endicott, J. Croke, Denver, Colo.; Miss E. Bachman, Dover, Delaware.

Shams.

This age, notwithstanding its boasted advancement in the arts and sciences, is eminently one of shams. The art of veneering has made wonderful strides, and is not confined to wood-work, but finds application in every occupation. Veneers in olden times were thin sheets of wood, or other substance, employed to give a fine exterior finish to cabinet and other works, the bodies of which were composed of less expensive material; hence the use of the term veneering, to denote superficial worth or beauty.

Furniture a clever imitation of choice wood, Persian rugs woven in America, decorations made to appear like "Royal Worcester" or Venitian ware, are everywhere to be found, and to these there can be no reasonable objection, when they serve to beautify one's surroundings, provided no pretensions to the real article are advanced. In the line of dress there is an endless variety of imitations; for instance, in furs, laces, silks and jewelry, while even in the culinary art it is considered a triumph to invent a dish bearing the flavor of some other viand rare and costly. In amusements, too, are shams encouraged, as is evidenced by the numerous patrons of the dramatic art who delight in watching the simulation of emotions farthest from the performer's mind and heart.

Did the practice of falsifying go no further, the excuse that life is made more pleasant by the thousand little deceits surrounding us might be accepted; but to those who look beneath the surface there is a vast source of evil lurking under the veneerings of custom. The spirit of deception seems to invade even the domain of education: students trifle with a variety of so-called accomplishments, gather a few facts from text-books, read a few good authors from sheer necessity, devour the works of many mediocre or poor writers, then step out into the world to take the important post assigned to woman. Will they inculcate solid principles on those who come under their influence, or will they not rather perpetuate in others the tendency towards surface culture?

The answer is found by looking into the homes

of to-day; in many cases, it is true, there is to be seen the same union and affection which characterized the homes of old, the same dependence, one upon the other, and the privacy once held so sacred; but equally true is it that in many cases the home is but a dwelling-place to which no sweet ties bind the inmates, and this is to be attributed in a great measure to the efforts put forth to appear as rich, etc., as one's neighbor. A glimpse at the struggles of the Alcott family as depicted in "Little Women" shows us that economy and management are commendable, and that respect is always accorded those who deserve it, even though poverty necessitate labor of head or hand "to make ends meet."

In political life how much real patriotism is felt by those who, borne on the wings of oratory, soar to dizzy heights on the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration, and who, while the air still vibrates with the burning words of freedom, make use of the enthusiasm awakened in others to further some scheme long contemplated. To-day many a kingdom of Europe turns to Brazil there to learn what vows of allegiance to royalty are worth.

"Appearances go a great way"; but as veneering in time wears off, so do superficial endowments fall away, leaving the groundwork clothed in all its deformity. What a revelation would be made to the world were it possible to expose all that savors of duplicity! Self-denial and devotedness to a cause would often be found but a mask for self-interest; a proud bearing, that would seem to place its possessor upon a level with superior minds, would prove but a cloak for profound ignorance, and—there is a bright side to the consideration—often would the opening of the bur, formed by an abrupt manner, reveal the true heart within, the kernel of sweetest kindness and charity.

Let us do away with veneering in the forming of our lives, if we cannot as regards our surroundings; if we are of pine, let us not essay to appear as rosewood; each has its work to perform, and a good pine board, well seasoned and free from knots, is surely better than one covered with a thin coating of ornamental wood which must in time fall off, leaving exposed the marks of the cement which caused its adhesion, and those marks succumb but to fire; shall they be burned off by the fire of penance and resolution here, or by the flames of Purgatory hereafter? Each one sees beneath the veneering of his own heart, and there alone can the answer be found.

—*First Senior Class Paper.*

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bernhart, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Clarke, Cunningham, Coll, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, N. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Donahue, Ernest, E. Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fossdick, G. Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, Hellman, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Jungblut, Lynch, Lauth, McFarland, Moore, M. McHugh, M. McPhee, McCarthy, Maher, Murison, McCune, S. McPhee, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, H. Nester, L. Nester, Piper, Pugsley, Ryan, Rinehart, Rentfrow, Reilly, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Schaefer, Schiltz, Smith, Shrock, M. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Tormey, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, M. Clifford, Cooke, M. Cooper, Culp, M. Davis, Dreyer, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, N. McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, A. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, Soper, J. Smyth, K. Sweeney, A. Tormey, M. Wagner, Waldron, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Bates, Davis, Dempsey, Flannery, Hammond, Healy.

FIRST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clarke, Currier, Fitzpatrick, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, McFarland, Moore, Morse, Van Mourick, Curtis, Deutsch, English, Gordon.

SECOND SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Davis, Morse, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, E. Quealy, Otis, Piper, Thirds, Violette.

THIRD SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bernhart, Bogner, Dennison, Dolan, Hanson, Holt, Haight, Hepburn, Plough, Maher, A. Ryan, Spurgeon, Tormey.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bero, Butler, Churchill, Dempsey, Donahue, Davis, Green, Hull, Fossdick, Kelso, Lauth, Lewis, M. McHugh, Murison, Moore, Norris, Patier, Pugsley, Rinehart, Schaefer, Wurzburg, Ernest, Burdick, Levy, M. Smyth, Tormey.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bovett, De Montcourt, Dorsey, Harmes, Jungblut, Koopman, McCune, Mullaney, Pierce, Rentfrow, Rinn, Schermerhorn, Clifford, O'Mara, Philion, Soper, Wagner, Wurzburg, Ahlrichs, Reilly.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Hanson, Schermerhorn, Black, M. Davis, E. Davis, Dreyer, Evoy, Palmer, Patrick, Regan, Sweeney, Scherrer, Young, McHugh, S. Smyth, McGuire, Wagner.

FIRST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Hickey, Holmes, Shirey, Robbins, Kasper, Waldron, Wood, Wright, McHugh, Smyth, Dennison.

SECOND JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Ernest, L. Mestling, Porteous, Coady, Eldred.

BOOK-KEEPING.

Misses Cunningham, A. Ansbach, D. Davis, Violette, Bogner, Harmes, Maher, Dorsey, Tormey, Donahue.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Misses K. Hurley, Deutsch, Cunningham, De Montcourt, Plough, Cochrane.